and with all the horror that a wrecked world could bring with it.

world could bring with it.

It is fitting that this place should be a symbol of the world's cataclysmic night.

N.

PROPOSED COLUMBIAN TOWER.

Plans Being Prepared for a Shaft 1,542

Thomas Tilley & Son are preparing the

plans for a mammoth observation tower to

be named the Columbian, which a stock

company, soon to be organized, proposes

erecting near the World's Fair grounds. In-

cluding the site, the total cost of construc-

tion is estimated at not less than \$5,000,000.

By working day and night shifts the tower.

it is believed, can be completed in six

The tower is to be constructed of steel

Feet High to Cost \$5,000,000.

Chicago Times. ]

months.

STORY OF A BONEYARD

The Myriad Fossils of Sagebrush

Shifted Its Polar Points.

me, until she was quite ready and willing to do so," he said, quickly. "She wishes it to be later, and I needed no persuasion to agree to her wishes." "You are not a very impatient wooer it

seems, Sir James. "However impatient I was, I should think of Miriam first," he answered, hotly. "And agree to the whim of a foolish girl without consulting her parents?" said Mrs. Clyde, coldly. "I do not know what Colonel Clyde will say to such conduct, Sir

"I believe Colonel Clyde will see I am

say; she said nothing to me about all this, and we talked of her trosseau and other arrangements, and now she has gone to you and tried to upset all our plans for mere folly. Do not give in to such folly, Sin James, you only have to be a little firm and

going back from my word, Mrs. Clyde," said Sir James in a decidedly firm tone. "Mir-iam shall fix the time of her own wedding

plied Mrs. Clyde, after a moment's consideration. "I do not think Colonel Clyde is a man who would allow his daughter's good name to be trifled with."

any form of life there, there is a most re-markable and altogether exceptional and unparalleled presence of the dead. The whole region is one vast paleontological burying ground. It is the graveyard of a former world. It is a wide intermentground of the remains of animal forms that were once on the earth, but which the earth knows not now and will not know again forever. The dry salubrious air, the light and very infrequent rain and the preservative character of the arid sands, have kept intact the bones of beast and fowl that lived in a time so remote that we can only refer to it as to the indefinite

and iron, 500 feet in diameter at the base and 220 at the cornice line. The form is to be circular and 1,492 feet high to base of the statue of Columbus, which will be about 50 feet high, making a total height of 1,542 feet. The statue will stand on a globe or It appears from the authority cited that sphere some 52 feet in diameter. The central tower shaft column is 275 feet at the college museum in the East sent three ground line, diminishing in size as it rises, until at 1,300 feet it will be 220 feet in diameter. Here the shaft is capped with a heavy cornice which girts the entire shalt. From this cornice springs the roof of the tower, which rises about 120 feet, and is equipment and the specimens they exhibit, crowned with a balcony. The globe will be lighted at night with powerful electric lights and reflectors.

Around the central shaft of the tower will be located a double-track electric railroad, passing around the tower at a 3 per cent grade until it reaches the height of 1,300 only to bring together the most remarkable

feet. The entire length of the railroad will be about seven miles to the terminus. On one of the inner sections of the central shaft, inside the railroad, will be an in-elined sidewalk rising the same grade as the railroad. Inside of this walk will be refreshment booths the entire distance. In the inside section of the tower will be placed eight elevators. Four hotels on 1,000 cretaceous fossils, and some months placed eight elevators. Four notes on each corner of the grand square, seven stories in height, with a total of 3,000 rooms, will be placed. In the space between these notels, on the four sides of the building, will be located ballrooms, bazaars, entertainment halls, music halls, billiard talls between the siles allows and diving the life. will be required in classifying and packing halls, bovling allevs and dining halls. There will also be, in connection with the

hotels, a large opera house.

Located on the roots of these buildings and on the roofs of the hotels will be hanging gardens. Above these gardens will be flapped the air in scores of centuries. In all there were gathered 57 specimens of birds and 62 of animals. Both from some of two grand promensdes, forming the base of the tower. And over these promenades will be four balconies, running around the shaft of the tower. The first will be 40 feet wide and 200 feet high. The second 300 feet high and 30 feet wide. The third 400 feet high and 20 feet wide. The fourth 500 feet high and 12 feet wide. Facilities for 100,000 people visiting the top of the tower in a single day will be provided.

DURING SEVERE STORMS. ome Points of Danger Which Should Be

Avoided When Possible. If out of doors trees should be swoided and if, from the rapidity with which the explosion follows the flash, it should be evident that the electric clouds are near at hand, a recumbent posture on the ground is

der sheds, carts, or low buildings, or under the arch of a bridge; the distance of 20 or 30 feet from tall trees or houses is rather an eligible situation, for should a discharge ake place, these elevated bodies are likely to receive it, and less prominent bodies in the neighborhood are those likely to escape. It is right also to avoid water, for it is a good conductor, and the height of a human being near the stream is not unlikely to determine the direction of a discharge. Within doors we are tolerably safe in the middle of a carpeted room, or when standing on a double hearthrug. The chimney should be avoided, on account of the conducting power of the carbon deposited in it; on the same principle gilt moldings, bell wires, etc., are in danger of being struck. In bed we are tolerably safe, blankets and feathers are bad conductors, and we are consequently, to a certain extent, insulated. It is injudicious to take refuge in a cellar, because the discharge is often from the earth to a cloud, and buildings frequently sustain the greatest injury in their base-

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN. The following poem is noteworthy, not only for its beauty, but for the remarkable fact that its 252 words are all monosyllables. Mr. A. A. Hill, who sends it to the Critic for publication, expresses a doubt whether this is surpassed in English literature. The poem appears to have been written without a thought of its verbal peculiarity.]

The fair frail blooms which loved the sun Grew faint at touch of cold, And chilled and paie, fell one by one, Dead in the dust and mold.

In yon tail tree, now bleached and thinned, A nest swincs frayed and lone, All soaked with rain and rent by wind— Its fair freight fiedged and flown.

Gone with the warmth and bloom and ligh Born of the sun and sky, Ere yet there fall this grief and blight, And the chill nights drew nigh.

On the low bough that arched the gate When days were warm and long, A wren, that has to nest or mate, Droops, all too sad for tong. Shorn of its fruit, still clings the vine,

But here, where down the dim, wet walks The bianched leaves whiri and beat, One rose looks through the bare brown stalks, And charms the air with sweet-

As one brave heart, when all the truth On earth seems dead or lost, Still keeps the faith and fire of youth, And smiles in spite of frost.

Ah, though the friends I once held dear Are far, or false, or flown, I need not grieve, for you are here, My hope, my love, my owal

the exposed stratums of rock, and still enough has been gathered on which to FATHER OF THE HOUSE. found the great modern science of geology, if indeed, the vast and vandal-destroyed

BEAUTIFUL DOMESTIC LIFE.

Iwenty-Eeven Years as a Jegislator, Objector and Fconomist.

ALMOST CHILDREN WHEN MARRIED

PEORRESPONDENCE OF THE DISPATCH. WASHINGTON, June 11. N Thursday next, the 16th. past! In the night time, when in the un-certain light, ghostly shadows add to the weirdness of the almost unnatural the weirdness of the almost unnatural scene, as one brings back the hoarse, wild, despairing war that must have been, while only the fierce, selfish instinct of self-preservation reigned, as the weaker succumbed to the stronger, the gentler to the ierocious, what cries of agony, of alternate rage and terror, of despair and madness, must have been there! Elsewhere, death was swift and sudden, here it came slowly and with all the horror that a wrecked

Their Seven-Year-Old

excite general nterest. But when one of the persons most oncerned is a national figure like Judge Holman, whose name and nickname of "Great Objector" and "Watch Dog of the Treasury" are household words all over the land, the occasion becomes an especially notable event. Judge Holman's preeminence as the foremost living exponent in Congress of old-tashioned Democratic Jeffersonian simplicity, earned by his lifelong warfare in behalf of frugal Government against every kind of jobbery, extravagance and doubtful expenditure, together with the fact of his incorruptible integrity in public and his picturesque and lovable personality in private life, have made for him countless hosts of friends; and these, regardless of party, will everywhere unite in congratulations on his approaching auniversary.

Their Home in Indiana.

As might be expected, the coming jubilee will be a characteristic and unostentations affair, observed in the quietest possible way. Both Judge Holman and Mrs. Hol-man would much prefer to celebrate the day at their old ancestral homestead, "Vera-estau," near Aurora, Ind., nestling among the beautiful Ohio River bluffs at the juncion of the great Miami, whence can be seen matchless landscapes in three States-Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky; but the exigencies of the Judge's public life forbid his leaving his post of duty, even to commemorate his golden wedding, and so they have arranged to dispense the honors of the occasion here in their temporary Washington home. The Holman children and grandchildren from Indiana will all be present, and the intimate friends and connections of the family will come on to express their felicitations But otherwise there will be no attempt to extend the rejoicings beyond the strict family circle, and there will be no outward

display. Judge Holman is 69 years of age and Mrs. Holman is two years his junior. And yet in no respect can they be properly called old. They do not look old, and, what is better, they do not feel old; and feeling is said to be the best test of age. Besides they married so young that they were but little more than children at the beginning of that 50 years' epoch which will be com-pleted on Thursday. He was 19, and she 17. His father was dead, and so was hers. The both looked so very young that the offici-ating clergyman refused to marry them, and not until their respective mothers were brought in to attest their willingness did

A Pretty Plc ure of Domestic Life. That was in the good old pioneer days when early marriages were the fashion, and when early marriages were the fashion, and when young people, instead of shirking the cares of wedded life for ease and nominal independence, calmly weighed their responsibilities and bravely chose to bear them. It was in the last year but one of their schooling that they fell in love with each other, and their marriage followed soon after they left school. From that time to the present, down through the long vista of 50 years, they have gone hand in hand together, literally strewing their pathway

with good deeds and kindly offices-he in the wide sphere of a useful public servant, and she in loving devotion to her husband and family and in charitable ministrations, limited only by her surroundings. The fresh affection of their youth abides with them even now, and in their mellowing

most as early as his married life. He had availed of the advantages afforded by the common schools of the neighborhood, and had studied two years at Franklin College, and was about completing his education, as was the prevailing custom, by teaching a country school, when his plans were upset by the sudden death of his father, Jesse Lynch Holman—one of the leading men of Indiana, in his day and generation—successively an author, an able lawyer and jurist, an advanced educator and a faithful pastor

Was Not a Hoosier Schoolmuster. Young Holman was just turned 19 then. Relinquishing the school, he ceased to be a "Hoosier schoolmaster," and undertook the study of law. While still pursuing his pre-

of Representatives in 1858.
On December 16, 1860, he introduced in the House a set of resolutions—the first of their kind to be offered in either House— condemning the doctrine of secession and declaring it to be the duty of the Federal Government to maintain the union of the States by the employment of all its powers. In 1864, having ardently supported the war management of President Lincoln and brought forward many measures afterward

enacted into laws in the interest of the soldiers, as a "Union Democrat" he peremptorily refused to run for Congress on a platform prepared by the nomination con-vention, in which it was submitted that the

He Preferred Principle to Policy. The Democratic nominee who accepte The Democratic nominee who accepted that platform was ingloriously defeated at the polls, and two years afterward Judge Holman was entreated again to become his party's standard bearer. He did so and was triumphantly elected. After that he was returned to Congress regularly until 1876 and 1878, when he failed of election by reason of a gerrymander of his district; but in 1880 his district was reapportioned again, and since then he has carried it with stead!

the Democratic party in the House of Renresentatives. The period covered by that service was the most momentous and trying diana, and his in the nation's history, and embraced the stirring legislative scenes of the war, the grave problems of reconstruction, the re-habilitation of the Democratic party in Congress, and the agony of the Hayes-Til-den electoral struggle, besides interesting though less important parliamentary events of more recent years. To him, probably, more than to any other individual legisla-



stead system, which has proven such a blessing to our settlers and a magic wand for the opening and quickening of the Great West.
His Objections Not all Demagogr.

single capacity of "objector" to all schemes of jobbery or corruption, can be computed only in hundreds of millions of dollars actually saved to the taxpayers. The late Samuel J. Randall, when Chairman of the House Appropriations Committee in 1876, saved to the Government in the matter of appropriations for one year alone \$30,000,-000. Judge Holman, on succeeding him in 1876-7, followed closely in his footsteps and "went him better" by \$10,000,000 of

on economy is in regard to pensions for Union soldiers; and in his opinion the service rendered to the country by the detendpred much less paid, in dollars, and cents.

a plain but comfortable suite of rooms at the "Hamilton"—a family hotel affected are also bad holes at the intersection of derate means; and there, surrounded by the gracious presence of his wife, his youngest son, daughter and grandchild—the "apple of his eye," Master Holman Fletcher, aged 7-the Judge finds all the creature-comforts needful to a busy statesman, and likewise the grateful refres and restful influences that emanate from a

J. D. CREMER.

AN ISLAND OF DEATH

Skeletons Lying Where the Inhabitants

Were When Death Overtook Them. The captain of a coasting vessel that trades from San Diego, Cal., to Guaymas, Mexico, says that recently he was blown to sea by a storm and discovered an island not laid down on any of the charts. He landed and found that the island had undoubtedly been swept by a scourge of some kind There were numerous huts, but not a living thing was to be found.

An examination revealed the fact that the former residents had died in such numbers that they had not been buried. The skeletons were lying around the island where the people were when death overtook them. people, while in many others were the bores of great numbers. They had been dead for such a time that the bones were beginning to decay. There was little to be found to show what kind of people they were, but it is supposed that they belonged to one of the island tribes which were so abundant in this part of the coast 50 years ago.

Understanding that a great number of people have been cured of chronic catarrh by taking Pe-ru-na during the past cold season, yet it cannot be denied that the cold,

The proper way to begin treatment for chronic catarrh is to take a tablespoonful of Pe-ru-na before each meal and at bedtime. This dose should be increased so that in one month the patient will be taking two table spoontuls at each dose, at which time a re-port of the case by letter should be made to Dr. Hartman, Columbus, O., and he will

pamphlet, giving a complete description of the cause, symptoms and cure of chronic catarrin. Sent-free to any address.

The L. A. W. Is to Condemn Pittsburg Streets at the Coming Meet.

NOTES OF AN OBSERVATION TRIP.

The Best Asphalt Streets of the East End Are Full of Pitfalls.

NO RED LIGHTS TO WARN OF DANGER

When the League of American Wheelmen begin a discussion of the roads and streets question at their annual session in Washington this month, Pittsburg will come in for a good share of the talk, and it will be critical rather than commendatory. The L. A. W. is necessarily a "good roads organization," and is doing a good work, in the East especially. Here it has been inactive for some cause, but this year Pittsburg will be given a good place in the discussion, and the force of the League will be brought to bear on the streets of the city.

"Pittsburg does not compare with any of the cities of the country on the question of good streets," says Charley Petticord, who is the new L. A. W. Consul to succeed Frank G. Lenz. "In Buffalo and other cities you see men riding along with dinner buckets on their wheels going to and from work. Here it is impossible because of the bad holes in the best paved streets, in which a man is liable to be ditched at any

Block Pavements Not Objectionable. "We don't object to block pavements, but do object to all sorts of obstructions on the best streets, over which a man is liable to tum! le at any time, day or night. Accidents happen every day; if they prove serious the city is hable to be sued, and should an L. A. W. man be badly injured because of obstructions or bad holes in the streets, the whole force of the League will

brought to bear in a suit against the Captain Culbertson, of the East End Gym Wheelmen, is an enthusiastic rider and L. A. W. man. He probably knows as much about the pitfalls in the streets as any other cycler in the city. He, as well as many others, has been reminded of them by num-erous tumbles, none of which, however, have proved serious. Over the best East End asphalt streets a man must ride with cantion because of the holes or piles of rub-bish. In some places there are ruts which stretch clear across the street, which are big enough to break buggy springs.

Sem of the Cyclers' Pitfalls.

Accompanied by Captain Culbertson, & DISPATCH reporter took a trip over some of the worst streets to get an idea of the dangers attendant upon wheeling in Pittsburg. Some of the places are plainly the result of negligence. They have been there for months, with no lights and no attempt to fix them. All along the Duquesne car tracks there are holes into which a man is liable to be plunged if he try to cross from one side to the other. Some places have been filled up with stone, but very un-evenly, leaving it as bad as holes would

Near the corner of Ellsworth avenue and Lilae street there is a ditch five inches deep from the curb to the truck, wide enough to ruin a buggy as well as a bievele. All along ruin a buggy as well as a bievele. All along Elisworth the street car tracks are hard to cross on account of the holes along them. On Baum street there are several holes filled with broken asphalt, making bad hills, one being 15 feet long, 8 teet wide and 6 inches high. There are others, not so large, but just as dangerous.

The Approach to the Negley Avenue Bridge, One of the worst places was found on the north approach to the bridge on Negley avenue. The pavement is sunken fully three feet on the right hand side, not six inches out of the general line of travel. Should a bicycle or a buggy run over that Judge Holman Never Worries.

Here in Washington the Holmans live in its hands, as nothing less than a miracle

The sewers openings on Neglay avenue have caused numerous hard falls to bicycle riders. One was measured and found to be three feet wide, eight feet long and a foot deep. It is only 101/2 feet to the car track at that point. When it is a little slippy a wheel is very liable to slip into the hole and many a rider has had that experience. At night, especially when a car is coming along, a rider is very apt to hug pretty close to the curbstone and the result will be dis-astrous when he strikes one of those sewer openings. A buggy is also in danger at

these sewers, and they stretch along all the way from Center to Stanton. Sand Heaps and Boards in the Street,

On Howe street, one evening recently, Captain Culbertson had the experience of riding into a big sand heap stretching out as far as the street car track. Contractors along the throughtare seem very careles about boards, stones, etc., in the streets. and some cylers not knowing this ride along in the evening and find some very thriling experiences which they would like to avoid. Otherwise Howe street is the best for bievelers in the city.

Of the other streets visited, the following will give an idea of the condition: Fifth avenue near Oakland terraco, a gut-

er from one side to the other, filled several inches above the pavement with broken

Marchhand street littered with tin cans, sticks, stones and other rubbish, Forbes street from Craig to Boquet, street ear tracks higher than the street

Negley near Stanton, full of bad ruts. Ellsworth, a wagon rut runs several squares, big enough to dump a wheelman. On one street was found a tree top, tin cans and a dead enicken.

Morningside road is impassable except a very few weeks annually. No Danger Signals Are Used,

None but asphalt streets are here men-tioned. While the wheelmen are anxious to have more streets paved, they are more anxious to have those now paved kept clear of pitfalls. At none of the obstructions mentioned has there been a light. Wagons stand in dark places along the streets all night without a danger signal to warn away drivers or wheelmen. If the rule of having a red light out were strictly adhered to half the danger would be

There are block streets and mud streets which the wheelmen believe ought to be paved. At present there is no good outlet from the northern part of the East End to Schenley Park. The blocks on South High-land and Shady are very rough and furnish miserable riding for cyclers. There are now nearly 5,000 wheelmen in the city and they think they should have some benefits. If the streets now paved are kept in condition

WORKS WHILE YOU SLEEP.



cures pain where others fail.

Worth taking trouble to get. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

must get to work. I have the household things to see after, and my letter to write to little. Joan, and some other letters also. Go and practise for an hour, Miriam, as Sir James to ask.'
is fond of music; and I should like him to "It is

thought she had conquered, and Mrs. Clyde
was a woman who loved to conquer. And
after a few moments of thought she sat down to write to the daughter she had conquered-to Joan, wite of General Conray and her letter also was a little triumphant In it, however, she made no allusion to Miriam's objection to be married on the day she had settled. She simply told her daughter that Miriam was to be mar-ried on that day, and she invited Gen-Conray and his wife to be tailed the attractions that Sir James Mac-

Kennon possessed—his wealth, his position and his character, just as she had detailed

them a few minutes before to Miriam. "I am in truth perfectly satisfied with the mar riage," she wrote, "and consider Miriam the luckiest girl in the world." And this letter duly sped on its way, and reached on the tollowing morning a hand-some stone house, standing in its own grounds, which at this time was occupied by General Couray, who commanded at this time also a division of troops, which were stationed in the neighborhood. This house was named Tyeford Hall, and from the upper windows you saw the blue sea line of the southern coast. It was a turnished house when General Conray took it, as its owner was an invalid and lived principally abroad. and was glad to let Tyeford Hall to so good a tenant as the General. And Mrs. Clyde's letter arrived there in the General's letter bag, and the letter-bag was always unlocked

at breakfast time by the General's own And while he is handing out the letters one by one, and glaucing with his keen eve at the superscription of each, let us look at him. A tall man, gray-headed, with sharp, well-cut, stern features was the General. He had thin lips shaded by a heavy, gray mustache, and his evebrows were gray also mustache, and his everyows were gray also.

He was between 50 and 60, a soldier every
inch of him. But he was not a popular
commander. He was too rigid, too hard,
and had no sympathy to give to the short-

comers, under his orders.
Such was Mrs. Clyde's son-in-law, and in outward appearance he was not very un-like her husband. But though they were old friends his character was very different to Colonel Clyde's. Mrs. Clyde could never have guided and controlled him as she did the Colonel with her silken rein. And his wite—the fair woman, who was sitting opposite to him at the breakfast table as he drew out the letters; what of her? Joan Clyde in her girlhood had been cou-

sidered remarkably pretty; singularly like her younger sister Miriam, but with more strictly regular features. Their height, hair and coloring were, however, wonderfully similar, and they had the same dark, expressive eyes. But the expression in the dark eyes was very different in the two sisters. Joan's were languid, dreamy, shy; while in Miriam's there was more force, more power. Instinctively you knew the younger sister had a stronger will, a stronger mind. But they were both attractive, though people said that lately the beauty of the General's wife had waned. She was glancing at her husband's stern face as he drew out the letters, with a sort of half-frigtened look in her large eyes. And she nervously held out her hand for the one which he presently handed to her. "Here is a letter from your mother, Joan," he said.

Even his voice was hard and rigid, and

he did not smile as he gave Mrs. Clyde's letter to his wife. "Thank you," she answered, and she took it in her hand and opened the envel-We already know the contents of this letter-the announcement that Miriam's wedding day was fixed, the invitation and

the praises of Sir James. Joan read all this, and her sensitive lips quivered a little "What is it all about?" asked the General, presently, looking up from his letters, and as he spoke he held out his hand to receive Mrs. Clyde's back, for he always read delayed another month, that of course your his wife'e letters.

"It is bout Miriam's marriage with Sir James MacKennon," auswered Joan, as she placed the letter in his hand. Then the General read it in his turn, and after he had done so he laid it on the table "Well, I think it is a very good thing for

your sister," he said, "and your mother seems very pleased about it." "Yes, I think mother is very pleased, but it seems rather a short engagement," answered Joan.

"The shorter the better, I should say, under the circumstances," said the General, tersely, and Joan's delicately tinted face flushed as he spoke. "Mrs. Clyde is quite right to hurry on the marriage," he continued; "quite right. Sir James MacKennon might not be so willing a bridegroom it he knew the ex-

traordinary circumstance attending your sister's last engagement, for I conclude it was an engagement?"
Joan's bosom began to heave, and she was evidently paintully agitated

'Oh! do not speak of it," she said, tremuplously. "But I must speak of it and think of it. too," answered the General, sharply. "Remember, Robert was my nephew, and I cannot forget, if you can, his miserable late."
"I do not forget," murmured Joan with

quivering lins. your sister's own confession she was with him that night, and it is the mystery about the whole affair; the want of motive that I cannot understand, for I do not be lieve Robert had an enemy in the world." Joan did not speak; she was in truth too

deeply moved. "However, I believe it will be cleared up some day," continued the General, rising, and gathering together his correspondence; "such deeds are seldom unpunished; in tact, they bring their own punishment." Still no words came from Joan's quivering lips.
"At all events it hasn't broken your sis-

ter's heart, it seems," went on the General, half bitterly; "it's just eighteen months ago, and now she is going to make this fine match! Poor Robert!" and as he said these last two words he left the room, carrying his papers with him, and Joan was left

She buried her face in her hands, as the door closed behind her husband, and tears rushed through her slender fingers. "Poor Robert!" she moaned, rocking herself to and fro as if in uncontrollable

## grief. "Poor Robert!" CHAPTER VI

## MIRIAM'S REQUEST Mrs. Clyde thought she had bent Miriam to her will, and she had invited Joan and her husband to the wedding on the strength of this opinion, but Miriam's opposition

had not been so easily over-awed as her

mother thought. For while Mrs. Clyde was writing her letter of invitation to the General and his wife, Miriam was writing to Sir James, to ciously.

"What a pity you have missed Miriam; ask him to meet her the following day on the sands at Newbrough-on-the-Sea, before he came to her father's house. And this "But I have not missed her," answered be came to her father's house. And this letter pleased Sir James very much. It was by no means a loving epistle, but in it she told him she had a request to make to him, and she put this so prettily that Sir James' heart was all aglow with love. He was heart was all aglow with love. He was generous and warm-hearted, and the only outlet he could indulge his feelings in was to hurry to the jewelers! Then, having purchase of a necklace for Miriam, he telt

more at ease. Miriam took his eager, outstretched haad with some embarrassment, but Sir James only feit joy. To look on her face, to touch her hand, was, indeed, always joy to him. To his eyes she was the fairest of women, and he saw no fault in ber. "And you want to ask me something, dear?" he said a few moments after they

"Yes," and Miriam's voice faltered a "And what is it? tell me. You have only "It is about-our marriage, Sir James,

think that you play well."
"Very well, mother," said Miriam,
quietly, and then she left the room and
Mrs. Clyde smiled placidly as the door
closed behind her. She smiled because she

closed behind her. She smiled because she

"Not so soon?" he repeated, blankly. "Not so soon?" he repeated, blankly.
"No; and I want you to put it off for another month or so. I want you to tell mother this; to tell her you wish it delayed,

for she will not listen to me. "But, my dear," began Sir James, yet more blankly—and then he paused.
"On, will you do this to please me, Sir James" said Miriam, eagerly; "to please me very much? It you will even put it off

one month—that is, two months from now.

I—I will marry you then."

"Of course, I will do anything you wish." they would be her guests for a few days before and after the marriage. Then she demother that the time must depend on you,
mother that the time must depend on you, and-and however great the disappointment is to myself that does not matter. But the awkward part of it is, how can I do this? It will look as though...."
"Please do not mind how it looks! Say

you find the time does not suit you; say any-"But it might give Mrs. Clyde a wrong impression. The best thing for me to say dear, is that you do not wish it to be for two meaths, and of course that is suf-

ficient."
"Not with my mother; she has made up her mind it has to be in a month, and nothing I could say would have the least impression on her. But what you say and wish will, and I hope you will do this-tor

my sake!"
"I would do anything for your sake," he answered, and he took her hand and looked tenderly in her face, and Miriam's dark eyes fell beneath the gaze of his clear ones.

stood was quite settled, and I do not like oostponed marriages. "
"But, of course, if it is Miriam's wish —"
Again Mrs. Clyde slightly shrugged her shoulders.
"Yes, I understand: it is Miriam's wish, and she has persuaded you to propose this

change to me. Sir James's face flushed.
"I should not think of urging her to marry

acting rightly; any man of honor would see it. Miriam has a perfect right to fix her own welding day."
"Miriam has behaved very badly I must

it will be all right,"
"I have promised Miriam, and I am no when she marries me."
"We shall see what her father says," re-

"How can you say such a thing, Mra. Clyde," exclaimed Sir James, indignantly. "Well, I do think it is trifling with a me? what if she will not give you to me at | young lady's name, Sir James, when the

all, if she thinks I am playing fast and "There is no fear," said Miriam, half bitterly.

"You will not throw me over in the end?"
pleaded Sir James, earnestly.
"No, no! do not be afraid; but just now— I-do not wish to be married, and so I have trusted in you. I have come to you to help me. "My darling, if you will tell me what to say I will say it whatever it costs me."

"And I thought you would go with me when I went on leave," said Sir James, ruefully. "Don't ask me to go on leave; let me at least stay near you." "But we must have some excuse." "I still think it would be the best plan

"Say you are going on leave to Norway;

wishes are law to me. She could not insist on it taking place sooner if I said that." "I don't know-"
"But, my dear, how could she? If I said that we had made up our minds not to be married for two months it would be impos-

sible for Mrs. Clyde or anyone eles to force us to be married against our wills." "My mother is so determined." Sir James gave a little laugh. "Well, we will be determined, too. You

wish our marriage to be put off for another month, and I will tell Mrs. Clyde so, and that is the end of it." Miriam sighed uneasily. She knew very well there would not be "an end of it" without great vexation of spirit and determined opposition on the part of Mrs. Clyde. But she saw also that if she had James on her side her mother could not absolutely

torce on the marriage, and so she yielded to bis wish. "I will tell her to-day," he said, quietly;
"of course the time is for you to decide, and
whatever time you fix I shall say then our marriage has to be.

marriage has to be."

'Thank you;" but as she spoke Miriam felt a pang of shame in her heart.

'I should never have promised to marry him," she thought, with contrition, for she knew very well why she had consented to do so. To try to forget the past—to blot it out—and now again it stood before her face to foce!

"I have brought you a necklace, dear," presently said Sir James, and he drew a jewel case from his pocket and presented it to Miriam. "I hope you will like it," he added, as he pressed the spring. It was a beautiful necklace, and the shame in Miriam's heart grew stronger as

she glanced at the shining gems.
"Oh, Sir James, you should not buy so many things for me," she said; "you have given me so much." "I have given you much more than many nacklaces,"

thing not to be bought."
"I am not worth it all."
"You are worth everything to me,
Miriam; my life would be nothing to me without you. "Oh! don't say that; it is wrong to say that.

"Is it, dear? Do you know I don't think

so? I think a man's love for a good woman pulls him up, and—and makes him all the better. You must help me."
"Help you to do what?" asked Miriam.
"Well, you women understand a lot more about other people's wants than men do; and when we are married, dear, I think we might do a heap of good, for we have so much, and many have so little." "Yes, indeed," said Miriam, with another

pang of shame.

And as in the same quiet, honest fashion, Sir James went talking on, Miriam's con science reproached her more and more. And presently, when he proposed to go to the Commandant's house and tell Mrs. Clyde that they had settled to change the wedding-day, she could not help thinking how kindly and generous was his heart.

Mrs. Clyde held out her hand very gra-

We think—"
"Sir James, may I ask in this change has arisen from your interview with Miriam to-day?" interrupted Mra Clyde, gravely.
"We discussed it together," answered Sir James, loyally, "and we both think that two months from this date will be better than one." Mrs. Clyde slightly shrugged her should-ers, and her brow clouded. "I fear the change will be impossible," she said. "I have unfortunately invited General Conray and his wife-my other daughter you know—to be present at the ceremony at the earlier date, which I under-

HERE IS A LETTER FOR YOU, SAID THE COLONEL, HARSHLY. gentleman she is engaged to fixes a day for her marriage, and allows her parents to in-vite guests to be present at that marriage, and then coolly postpones it! Put it in a common-sense way to your own mind. How should you like your sister, we will say, to be treated in such a fashion by any man?"

then I shall write to you to tell you his de-

"If you like I will wait to speak to

with some courage, "I should like to see Miriam before I Horses of a rare shape were there and leave." he said. "I think not to-day, Sir James; this had

plainly at the door that Sir James felt compelled to go. And he was scarcely gone when Mrs. Clyde proceeded to Miriam's room, more angry with her daughter than she had ever felt in her life. She used scant ceremony, opening the door without rapping, and walked in, and Miriam felt afraid when she

"What, mother?" answered Miriam, nervously.
"Do not prevaricate. You have persuaded To not prevariente. For nave persuaded Sir James, it seems, to assist you in disobeying your father and mother; you have induced him to come to me and propose to postpone your wedding day."

act thus," continued Mrs. Clyde, severely; and you-knowing as you do the story that might reach his ears any day-should have "It would have been better to have told him," said Miriam, desperately.
"To have told him what?" answered Mrs. Clyde, fixing her dark eyes on her daughter's face, who shrank visibly as she did so. "Miriam, have you no prudence, no common sense? You are the last person no common sense?

who can afford to trifle with the go tune which came to you when Sir James asked you to be his wife."
"I will marry him, mother, only not yet," said Miriam, who was pale and trembling.
"Don't ask me, I cannot—I told you so— I cannot. I cannot !

"But why? Is there another mystery about this engagement also?"
"Mother, don't drive me mad!" exclaimed Miriam, passionately. "I only ask
for a few weeks' delay—Sir James was very

"Mother, be silent, for I cannot hear any more," interrupted Miriam, so excitedly, that Mrs. Clyde, firm and cold as she was, grew afraid, "I have said I will marry him

in two months, but I cannot before, I will "I fear you will repent this, Miriam. "I fear you will repent this, Miriam," answered Mrs. Clyde, still looking at her daughter. She could not, indeed, understand this sudden change. Until the last few days Miriam had seemed fairly happy and satisfied with her engagement, and now to show such strange persistency in deferring her marriage half startled her mother, who began to think there must be some hidden cause for her conduct.

cause for her conduct. now; do not, however, forget what I have said, Miriam—do not forget the past," and Mrs. Clyde turned and left the room.

"Forget the pust!" repeated Miriam, excitedly, as the door closed behind her mother; "how can I! how can I! With

Hugh lying there-so near-and I cannot see him; I dare not even ask how he is-but

extraordinary. Copyright, 1892, by Dora Russel

"I should not like my sister, if I had one, to be forced to marry a day before she wished," answered Sir James, sturdily. "Well, I must consult Colonel Civile, and

Colonel Clyde to-day."

"Oh, there is not the least occasion to do so," said Mrs. Clyde, coldly, who had no idea of Sir James speaking to Colonel Clyde until she had prepared the way. "Colonel Clyde will not dine at home to-day, and therefore you could not see him, but I shall toll you what he says." She rose as she spoke, and very plainly intimated to Sir James that she wished him to go. But Sir James stood his ground

better be settled first before you have any more interviews with her."
"But it is settled," said Sir James.
"We shall see," said Mrs. Clyde, with a somewhat wintry smile, and she looked so

saw the expression of her face.
"What does this all mean, Miriam?" she

Miriam was silent.
"I little thought a child of mine would "It would have been better to have told

kind, far kinder than you are!"
"Sir James is happily ignorant of the
past, which I am not. Sir James knows

"If you are wise you will think better of this," said Mrs. Clyde, though in a milder tone, for she saw plainly the poor girl was painfully agitated. "But I will leave you

I must see him; see him again before we part forever!" She wrung her hands and paced up and down the room in terrible emotion; and in the meantime Mrs. Clyde was talking to the meantime Mrs. Clyde was talking to her father gravely and uneasily about her. "I cannot understand her," Mrs. Clyde was saying; "for the last few days she has looked extremely ill, and now to induce Sir James to delay the marriage seems to me

libraries might not have proven it to be an ancient science. But in this remarkable region described, whether from altitude or whatever, seems to have been a locality Desert Are Mute Reminders which was exempt from direct overflow, and to this area, evidently impelled by the stress of direct circumstances, this wonder-ful and incongruous collection of animals huddled ere they yielded to the inevitable. Our Spinning Globe Must Once Have A Shift of the Polar Points.

And when these cataclysms had sweps and counter-swept, when terrestrial equilibrium, made necessary by a changed center of gravity, had again been restored and a RECORDS OF MONSTERS OF THE PAST or gravity, had again been restored and a reorganized and practically new earth be-gan her career, with new polar points and correspondingly changed equatorial belts— when once we can grasp all this, we can understand the ice-bound tropical careasses in the North Frigid Zone and comprehend (WRITTEN FOR THE DISPATCH.) A recent issue of the San Francisco Chronicle is authority for an account of a remarkable find of cretaceous fossils in the State of Oregon. Just south of the Blue the full significance of the vast antediluvian sepulchre around Fossil Lake. Mountains in the State mentioned is what What sensations should be evoked in the mind of one who has some idea of the earth's is known as Sagebrush Desert, and in this desert, in the midst of wild, picturesque changes, while standing in this wide, weird, silent and solemn resting place of and inhospitable desolation such as can hardly elsewhere be found, lies a small these myriads of monsters of the mighty

body of water known as Fossil Lake. Eastward and southward from this small body of water, sketches a long line of barren and waterless waste, while to the northeast, rise the dreary Wagon Tire Mountains, so called from the finding of the tires of the wagons of lost and starved emigrants who undertook to cross this plain of sandy desolation. The formation of the entire region is most singular and the area of aridity has a diameter of about 150 miles with very infrequent springs which are hard to find. Such is the character of this district, that only rarely have bold hunters dared to cross it and the sights that these have described, have been of a most peculiar character; strange, weird and uncanny progress through the shifting sands has been so toil-some and this, combined with the unbroken silence and the entire absence of any living thing, has made the trip such, that none

cared to make it a second time. Bistory Written in Pones. But while there is a singular absence of

periods of geologic time. gentlemen into this region to search for tossils and they camped among these pre-historic dead during the greater part of the past year. These gentlemen are represented as having been selected for their scientific make it clear that on the shores of this insignificant Oregon lake, was once gathered together so wonderful and unique a collec-tion of creatures that the whole seems more like some strange uncarthly dream, than a reality with the ocular evidence to sustain it. The result of their labors has been, not collection of fossils that the world has ever seen, but with this collection, comes the evidence that entirely refutes and con-founds many of the theories of eminent savants, who have expounded learnedly on fossil remains and who from a single bone thought they could construct the entire creature. The list comprises more than

them. Brilliant Birds Once Flew There. It has hitherto been almost impossible t btain a specimen fossil bone of a bird, and the few specimens found in collections have all been imperfect. But the shores of this desert lake teem with the bones of fowl of a kind whose wings have not the fossils of beast and fowl it is evident that the region was once tropical, although it is now cold and barren.

three distinct species of camel, the smallest no larger than a common deer, llamas, mammoths, huge sloths as large as oxen, with many extinct species of wolf and dog. There is also evidence that low, primitive nan was not lacking to grace with his presence this wonderful menagerie, for, mingled with the bones were spear and arrow heads which had been chipped from blocks of rolcanic glass. For years this interesting region has been locally known by the neighboring cattle-men as "the boneyard," but until recent research was made, the remains were supposed to be those of later animals. Here then, it would appear, are plain, accessible and easily transcribed leaves of the remote
Past. It is hardly necessary to say that
these leaves should be intelligently handled
by those who have the requisite intellectual

equipment to do so. As an ounce of demon-stration is worth a pound of speculation and, as many who pose as scientific are far from being such, here may be learned some lessons in fundamental principles, some ma-terial may be gathered for a foundation work from indisputable facts. This Latitude Was Once Tropical Although this is not the only evidence that the region so far north in North America as Oregon, was once tropical, yet here is massed in a small and accessible space, more of such evidence and evidence of greater significance than all that has ever been accumulated from other sources. But, if the locality now known as Sagebrush Desert once lay in the tropics, were our globe's divisions as to zones the same then as now? Has this any bearing on, or rela-tion to, the presence of the carcasses of tropical and semi-tropical animals which are now entombed in polar ice, animals with their skins and flesh even intact, and which have been there during thousands of years and in conditions which would insure their

United States from British America, with the region as far north as hundreds of miles within the Arctic Circle, were once tropical, with the polar points as now, what must have been the equatorial region as regards temperature? While it is easy to conceive that a gradually cooling sphere would first invite life to its polar points, a most perplexing and complicating feature is the fact, that frigidity so soon succeeded torridity, that flesh had not time enough to decay, that the change came with such suddenness that ice entombed it. This could not have taken place on the gradual cooling hypothesis, nor does it account for the huddling

together of the vast aggregation of animals

round the lake in Sagebrush Desert.

preservation for millenniums to come?

And if the parallel that now divides the

Information Needed as to Geology. But the account given of this find is too meager, it does not abound in enough es-sential detail, to forecast its full signifi- Or thrilled the air with wings? cance. These fossils, it seems, are generally found in the sand about the stones of this desert. But nothing is given as to the nature and character of these stones, so we are left entirely in the dark as to their geological order or whether or not they have been subject to glacial action. The lake scene is described as hardly having its equal on the earth in desolate picturesqueness, and from this no drift deposit would be inferred, but all in all, until geology, mechanical or constructive anatomy, paleontology and probably other sciences, thoroughly explore this region hand in hand and note things carefully, we shall be in the dusk as to the full significance of the most notable clew to things pre-glacial or antediluvian, developed in modern times,

or, indeed, in any time.

The great cataclysmic waves that have time and again successfully swept hemis-pheres, have generally buried away from all human sight the forms and types of life they engulfed. Only in a limited way have we been able to read the great lesson on

the most secure.
It is seldom dangerous to take shelter un-

ment stories.

Where are the birds, the moths, the bees, And scores of glad, free things Which thronged the ground, the grass, the

Its fair robes torn and sere; No tint is left, nor sound, nor sign, Or all that June held dear.

Judge Holman and His Wife to Cele-

war was a failure. brate Their Golden Wedding.

> ly increasing majorities. Of late years the nomination has come to him almost invariably by acclamation.
>
> Up to date he has spent 27 compactly crowded years of his life in the service of William Steele Holman, of Inwife, Abigail Knapp Holman, will celebrate the fiftieth an-



Abigail Knopp Holman.

tor, are the American people indebted for the upbuilding and perfecting of the home-His value to the country, in a non-parti-san sense, through his long career in the

further reduction. To-day Judge Holman is the "Father of the House" on the Democratic side and once more Chairman of Appropriations—a post second in rank and responsibility only to that of Speaker. He holds the purse-strings of the Government, and, despite strings of the Government, and despite sneers about "cheese-paring" and niggardly parsimony from his opponents, he guards the treasure of the people with unflinching courage. Though of the best stock and lineage himself, he has always been the particular friend and champion of the "common people," as distinguished from the more fortunate—the advocate of the "masses" in preference to the "classes." The solitary exception in his general view

loving household.

He is indeed somewhat past the prime of life, but his arduous work sits lightly upon him, and he does not appear to be over 55. His complexion is pink and clear, and his hair—except his heard, which is gray—is dark and reasonably thick. His general appearance and bearing resemble those of a refined scholar or clergyman. His sensibilities are as delicate as a woman's, and his heart is warm and simple as a child's. His manners are unaffected and gentle, the outward manifestation of a truly lovable disposition. Perhaps the secret of his perennial youthfulness lies in his naturally cheerful temperament and in the sweet comfort he finds in his domestic relations and his regularity of habits. He never worries needlessly about anything, and is wholly lacking in selfish ambition and in what is termed the commercial instinct. He is not a business manager, as far as details go. His wife attends to most minor business matters for him. He is poor, but generous to a fault with his own, while onstitutionally close with the

years they are still lovers.

Judge Holman's public career began

liminary reading he married Miss Knapp and the next year was admitted to the bar before he was of age. In the following year 1843, when barely 21, he was elected Judge of the Court of Probate of his native county (Dearborn), and held the office for three years. He was then chosen Prosecuting Attorney, serving from 1847 to 1849. He was next elected a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1850, which framed the present Constitution of Indiana, and the next year he was sent to the State Legisla-ture. Then he was made Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of the district em-bracing his county, and occupied the bench from 1852 to 1856. His long Congressional areer began with his election to the House

WARM WEATHER HAS COME AT LAST The Best Season of the Year to Treat Chronic Catarra.

wet, backward spring has retarded many eures, and in some cases actually prevented a cure. But, after unusual delay, summer has come at last, and now is the time for all catarrh sufferers to begin a systematic course of treatment for this disease. The greatest difficulty in the way of treating chronic cutarrh is that the patient is so liable to catch cold during the treatment and thus delay a cure. This liability at this season of the year is, in a great measure, removed, and no one should neglect the op-portunity to be given treatment.

advise further. Every patient should have a copy of the Family Physician No. 2, which is a 32-page